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THE  
T E M P L E  
O F  
G N I D U S  
A  
P O E M

From the FRENCH Prose of  
M. SECONDAT, Baron de MONTESQUIEU.

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—Non murmura vestra Columbæ,  
Brachia non Hederæ, non vincant oscula Conchæ !  
*Fragm. Epithal. Galien. Imperat.*

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By JOHN SAYER, M.A.

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L O N D O N :

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T E M P L E

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M E O

From the C. H. Park of

THE SECOND PART, LATERAL MOUNTING.

Erklärung des Hohen, von einem kleinen Götter-

Hogew. Epithet. Gaud. I. 10. 1.



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To the Q U E E N.

**T**HE rugged Forehead, that with grave Foresight,  
Wields Kingdoms Causes, and affairs of State,  
My looser Verse, I wote, doth sharply wite,  
For praising Love as I have done of late,  
And magnifying Lovers dear Debate ;  
By which frail Youth is oft' to Folly led,  
Thro' False Allurement of that pleasing Bait,  
That better were in Virtues disciplined,  
Than with the Poets Flow'rs to have their Fancies fed.

Such one's ill judge of Love, that cannot love,  
Ne in their frozen Hearts feel kindly Flame :  
Therefore they ought not thing unknown reprove,  
Ne natural Affection faultless blame,  
For fault of few that have abus'd the same.  
For Love, of Honour, and all Virtue is  
The Root, and brings forth glorious Wreaths of Fame,  
That crown true Lovers with immortal Bliss ;  
The Meed of them that love, and do not live amiss !

To Stoics then I do not sing at all-----  
 But to that sacred Saint my Sovereign Queen,  
 In whose chaste Breast all Bounty natural,  
 And Treasures of true Love enlocked been,  
 'Bove all her Sex that ever yet was seen !  
 To her I sing of Love, that loveth best,  
 And best is lov'd of all alive I ween !  
 To Her this Song most fitly is addrest,  
 The Queen of Love, from Heav'n the Consort blest !  
*Spenser, vol. 3. Book 4th. Stan. 1, &c.*

MADAME,

**T**HIS Poetical, yet faithful Translation from the  
 French Prose of M. SECONDAT, BARON DE  
 MONTESQUIEU's picturesque, characteristic, and sen-  
 simental Work, the TEMPLE of GNIDUS, so greatly  
 celebrated, is, as a small Assistance to your MAJESTY's  
 more perfectly attaining the English Language, in the  
 most agreeable, and pleasing way, by Poetry, humbly  
 dedicated to your MAJESTY,

By, MADAME,

YOUR MAJESTY's

Most Faithful Servant,



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**A**S the First Canto of the Temple of Gnidus was published some time ago, when in an Advertisement to the Reader, unnecessary to be here repeated, my reasons for translating it were mentioned, I should have little to add, if those goodly gentlemen, the Monthly Reviewers had not put themselves in my way, who do just as they please with any performance, however meritorious.

They are indeed at present almost in the Universal Contempt they have so many ways so highly deserved, and therefore are beneath notice, yet, though on former occasions I am rather more obliged to them than otherwise, and chiefly by their silence, the best mark of their approbation, I cannot entirely pass them by with respect to the Baron De Montesquieu's Work, and this Translation, really much more interested on the public account in general, than on my own. They write for Booksellers and their own fraternity, and, as is commonly said, will insert any Character of any Publication for a Guinea. But surely these self-constituted Critics, these Russian autocrats in literature, should have either more Ability, or more Honesty, than to abuse the Public in the manner they do. Before they begin to criticise any person's works, they should at least be able to enter into the Design of the author. These gentlemen however had neither the sense, or honesty, not to say taste, to understand either Montesquieu's Intention, or the Translator's, but this indeed is seldom their business. If they had had either of the three, there might have been no occasion for this Advertisement.

One of them allows the Translator of the Temple of Gnidus as much praise as he ever thought of acquiring "A Warmth, and  
" even Delicacy of Expression well fitted to his Subject," and says,



“ the Execution of the Descriptive Part of this Poem is more than tolerable,” and then is so obliging as to quote a passage, “ as not amiss.”

For my part I should be glad to know how much of this Poem is not descriptive, though some parts are more highly so than others: but this great, and true Critic, as Doctor Swift calls all of the same sort, not being able, or for some reason not willing, to penetrate at all into Montesquieu's motives, end, and design in writing the Temple of Gnidus, having at the first (for a want of sentiment, and knowledge of Character, and History) in the lowest, and most illiberal manner abused the original, so beautifully imagined, nicely drawn both from nature, manners, and story, and so highly celebrated, as a trifling performance; and afterwards given his own silly notion what the Temple of Gnidus should be, viz. “ decorated with all the luxuriancy of imagination,” at the same time wilfully forgetting that the Baron wrote the Temple of Gnidus, and not of Venus, or rather confounding them together as one and the same thing, thereby endeavouring to impose upon his readers, he says of Montesquieu's, and the Translator's performance (for they must be here joined together) “ yet it cannot be relish'd by those who can taste the manly descriptions of the like subjects in Milton, Thompson, and other great English Poets.”

Surely Montesquieu's work of all things does not want Description, and Decorations; such at least as are proper for the Temple of Gnidus, distinguished from all other temples dedicated to Venus.

But the real reason of all this Criticism seems to be-----at any rate to introduce and lug in the Great Mr. Thompson, as is so often done by these Reviewers; the reasons I need not mention. Montesquieu is therefore to be vilified (to say nothing of the Translator) that Mr. Thompson may be set on an eminence above even so great a man as the Baron de Montesquieu; be placed next to Milton, and above all our other great English Poets.

The just merit of Mr. Thompson I allow as much as any man; but as this critic has so impertinently given his opinion in order to

depreciate the Temple of Gnidus, in return I have a much better right to declare mine, and to say, That stiff, artificial, labouring Poet was never any great favourite with me, nor I believe (in the degree at least he would have him) with most others.

Oh ! Jemmy Thompson, Jemmy Thompson, Oh !——

Thou lab'ring Poet with a labour'd Fame !

Or, as upon seeing his Monument when first set up between Shakespear, and Rowe, in Westminster-Abbey,

The Poet's Art, and Labour I admire :

He wanted Genius, and poetic Fire !

This Reviewer however should be told, for he seems to want much information, That the same subjects are not always to be treated the same way----That style is various----that it should be adapted to the air, and manner of an author, and to the several subjects as they are peculiarly treated—to the Nature, Design, and Intention of any work——that these are some of the great Rules for all Originals, and Translations——that a poem in its kind may be as perfect as Homer, and Milton——and many other Things to the same purpose——But this critic, and the other reviewing gentleman, still more contemptible, seem to have no other idea of blank verse than the Miltonic, though none of our tragic writers, in particular, from Shakespear to Rowe, nor since, are Miltonic.

What an amazing, prodigious judge of style and numbers must that man be, who quotes a single faultless line, and no more, as a specimen, good or bad, of a whole poem ? What an able, honest, and impartial Critic !

——Oh ! Te, Bollane, cerebri

Felicem, aiebam tacitus !——Hör. L. 1. Sat. 9.

Bollanus, happy in a Skull

Of Proof impenetrably dull !

I silent said——or thought——

——Francis.

Not to be able to find out, or even imagine, that the Translator could have varied the Verse,

Mars chears the Goddeſs, and the Goddeſs Mars,

With many charms, blandiſhments, and raptures, if he had thought fit, or if it would have been the leaſt amendment ; perhaps he may like the following better, though the Translator does not, as enough had been ſaid before ; if he does, it is at his ſervice, in this or twenty other ways, and places,

She chears the God with ſoſteſt blandiſhments,  
And Mars the Goddeſs in high raptures loſt.

But thus do they criticiſe, and endeavour to impoſe upon, and abuſe their readers. Many decorations in many places the Translator could have added, had he not thought they would have been too much in the ſing-ſong way of tranſlating, which of all things he avoided.

I would only aſk theſe gentlemen, whether they can poſſibly think that Anacreon, and Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius, and all the reſt of the Grecian, and Roman Poets, (except Homer and Lucretius,) nay even whether Virgil himſelf, wrote Poetry ? they certainly did not write Miltonics. To have deſigned to make this Poem chiefly Miltonic, if it had been poſſible, would have been to have deſigned to tranſlate it in a wrong manner, or rather not to have given a tranſlation of it, but made it quite another thing ; to have been only a Paraphraſt, or Imitator, a ſort of Translators I always deſpiſed, as they generally ſubſtitute not Equivalents, but other Images, their own dapper Conceits, and pretty fancies, for the ſenſe and meaning of the original author. This is indeed a much more eaſy way of tranſlating, but ſuch as I by no means thought proper to follow, for my Intention was in this, and other tranſlations, knowing no other way of tranſlating juſtly, to be able to ſay with Montefquieu, except in a few paſſages perhaps, “ As to my Tranſlation, it is a faithful one.



“ The beauties that were not in my author, I supposed did not de-  
 “ serve the name of beauties ; and I have often chosen a less lively  
 “ manner of expression, in order the better to express his thought.”  
 But the difficulty of this way of translating is perhaps the great  
 reason, why we have so few real translations in verse.

Others there are, who (at least as they pretend) are so attached  
 to rhyme, that they would have been better pleased to have seen  
 this poem in jingle. So much has been said of late years especially  
 on the absurdity of rhiming, that it is hardly worth while to say  
 any more. Rhime is certainly in itself, a sort of burlesque, or a  
 unison mockery of music, and when it confines the verse in fixt and  
 certain places is still more absurd ; it is nothing but---ting---ring---  
 it does not amount to---ting---tong. Double rhimes are still more  
 barbarous. Those who cannot draw their ear from jingle are  
 scarcely fit to read poetry at all. Nay, if blank verse almost con-  
 tinually terminated in two lines, or only used that liberty which  
 rhyme sometimes does, it would be far better than rhyme. Ever  
 since Dr. Akenfide (who for some reason or other has not those en-  
 comiums bestowed on him by the Reviewers, as Mr. Thompson,  
 though far his superiour) published his Pleasures of Imagination, it  
 ought to have been banished from English poetry, except bur-  
 lesque, or at most some other short copies of verses, as our  
 language stands in no need of any monkish jingle. This was my  
 opinion long before the period mentioned, as also my practice, and  
 I am glad to find so many are now of the same sentiments.

From the absurdity of this custom it is, that we want a proper  
 sort of blank verse, neither Heroic, or Miltonic, to take place in  
 moral poems, epistles, elegies, subjects of love, and satires, after  
 the manner of the Greeks, and Romans, not so confined as their  
 long, and short verse, which comes the nearest to our rhyme, nor  
 so numerous as Homer, and Milton, a species between continually  
 concluding a period in two lines on account of the rhyme, and run-  
 ning the verses perpetually into one another. When our great cri-  
 tics meet with any thing of this kind, not having distinction, taste,  
 and judgment sufficient to know what is poetry, and what not, they  
 immediately call it prosaic, and one would even be apt to suspect  
 whether they had ever read the Greek and Roman poets. In odes  
 particularly, we want all the variety of numbers, and stanzas in  
 blank verse, and without these, adapted to the several odes, as may  
 best suit the translation, and the subject, Horace will never be well  
 translated.

Of all the writers in jingle Churchill only is in a great measure to be excepted, who chiefly imitated Oldham, if he imitated any body, and greatly excelled him. Churchill, whose poetry the Reviewers for want of taste, and judgment, or honesty, have frequently so falsely criticised, and abused, was the best writer in rhyme we ever had, because at the same time he seemed to throw it off, and often in the justest jingle, if I may so say, wrote in a manner regardless of it, and the reader might either attend to it, or not, as he pleased: yet in other parts, he is as smooth, and as even a rhimer, as Pope, or any other writer. He is the only poet that wrote jingle, as blank verse, and till others can come up to Churchill's rhiming, I would fain beg of them to write in blank verse, which may be suited to any subject proper for poetry.

As to the translation of the Temple of Gnidus, if it be as numerous as most of the Poems in the Greek, and Roman language, and much more so than what we generally write in rhyme, and as poetical, as the several subjects in the manner they are treated in the original required, it is sufficient. This is all I aimed at, or would be thought to aim at. Had I attempted a translation in any other way, I should have looked upon myself as a trifler. In short, my Design was, to be a just poetical translator, to add one to the number of those who do not write in jingle, and among others to give a specimen of blank verse on no very elevated subject in opposition to rhyme, and to shew that there is not the least necessity that every thing wrote in blank verse, must be either heroic, or Miltonic. This is all that any but these Reviewers, or people of false taste, would have thought I designed. The Reader will observe, that designedly to distinguish this sort of verse in the composition in one manner from the tragic, heroic, and Miltonic, very few lines end with words of more than two syllables, and that this is in general necessary to this species, as it should not take so much liberty as the former, but come nearer to the confinement of rhyme. Unless this was observed, the verse instead of being strengthened, would be weakened. Such was my intention, and as such I leave it to much better critics, and honest men, begging the intelligent reader's pardon for this long, and indeed almost unnecessary Advertisement.

*THE* List of the small Number of Subscribers, who have been assistant to the several expences of publishing this poem, would have been printed, if it had been possible, but as I could not get above half the Names in time, was obliged to omit it. I return my thanks to the subscribers, and more particularly to those who have most favoured this Publication, by which I shall be enabled to publish the second Edition.

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T H E  
P R E F A C E  
O F

M. De SECONDAT, Baron de *Montesquieu*.

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**A**N ambassadour of France at the Ottoman Porte, known by his taste for literature, having purchased many Greek manuscripts, brought them to France ; and, some of them falling into my hands, I found among them the work of which I here give a translation.

Few of the Greek authors have been handed down to us: they have either perished in the ruin of libraries, or by the negligence of the families who have had them in their possession.

We, however, recover from time to time some pieces of these treasures. We have found works even in the tombs of their authors ; and, what is much the same, this was discovered among the books of a Greek bishop.

We know neither the name of the author, nor the time in which he lived. All that we can say of him is, that he was not anterior to Sappho, as he speaks of her in his works.



As to my translation, it is a faithful one. The beauties that were not in my author, I supposed did not deserve the name of beauties; and I have often chosen a less lively manner of expression, in order the better to express his thought.

I have been encouraged to undertake this translation by the success which has attended that of Tasso. He that translated Tasso will not be offended at my having followed his example. He has distinguished himself in such a manner, as to be under no apprehensions from those whom he has inspired with the warmest spirit of emulation.

This little piece is a kind of picture in which are selected the most agreeable objects. The public will here find smiling images, magnificent descriptions, and ingenuous sentiments.

It has the marks of an original; which has made the critics demand, after what model it was formed. This must greatly enhance its merit, especially as the work is in other respects, far from being despicable.

Some of the learned have not discovered in it what they term art; and they alledge, that it is not written according to the rules: but if the work has pleased, it is a proof that the heart has not communicated to them all its rules.

A Man who attempts a translation, cannot patiently bear that others should not esteem his author as much as he does himself; and I confess that these gentlemen have often filled me with great resentment: but I desire them to leave the young men to judge of a book, which, in whatsoever language it was written, was certainly wrote for their use. I intreat them, therefore, not to trouble themselves with their decisions; for none but the heads that are well curled and powdered, can know all the merit of the Temple of Gnidus.

With respect to the fair sex, to whom I owe the few happy moments I can reckon in my life, I heartily wish that this work may please them. I admire them still; and their not being more the subject of my assiduities is a source of regret.

If men of gravity should desire from me a less trifling work, I am able to satisfy them. These thirty years have I laboured at a book of no more than twelve pages, which will contain all that we know of metaphysics, politics, and morality, and all that the greatest authors have forgot in the volumes which they have published on these sciences.

To the preface of the Baron de Montesquieu I shall subjoin what M. D'Alembert says of this work in his eulogium

on the Baron, inserted in the Encyclopedia.

“ The importance of those works which we have had  
 “ occasion to mention in this Panegyric has made us pass  
 “ over in silence works less considerable, which served as a  
 “ relaxation to our author, and in any other person would  
 “ have merited an encomium. The most remarkable of  
 “ them is the Temple of Gnidus, which was very soon  
 “ published after the Persian letters. M. de Montesquieu,  
 “ after having been Horace, Theophrastus, and Lucian in  
 “ those, was an Ovid and Anacreon in this new essay.  
 “ ’Tis no more the despotic love of the east which he pro-  
 “ poses to paint; ’tis the delicacy and simplicity of pastoral  
 “ love, such as it is in an unexperienced heart which the  
 “ commerce of the world has not yet corrupted. The  
 “ author, fearing perhaps that a picture so opposite to our  
 “ manners should appear too languid and uniform, has  
 “ endeavour’d to animate it by the most agreeable images.  
 “ He transports the reader into enchanted scenes, the view  
 “ of which, to say the truth, little interests the lover in  
 “ his happiest moments, but the description still flatters  
 “ the imagination, when the passions are gratified.  
 “ The Temple of Gnidus being a Poem in Prose it be-  
 “ longs to our celebrated writers to determine the rank  
 “ which it ought to hold : it is worthy of such judges.



“ We believe at least the descriptions in this work may  
 “ with success stand one of the principal tests of poetic de-  
 “ scriptions, that of being represented on canvass. But  
 “ what we ought chiefly to observe in the Temple of  
 “ Gnidos, is, that Anacreon himself is always the observer  
 “ and the Philosopher there. In the third Canto the  
 “ author appears to describe the manners of the Sybarites,  
 “ and it may easily be perceived that these are our own  
 “ manners. The preface especially bears the mark of the  
 “ author of the Persian letters. When he represents the  
 “ Temple of Gnidos as a translation from a Greek manu-  
 “ script, a piece of wit which has been so much disfigured  
 “ since by bad imitators, he takes occasion to paint by  
 “ one stroke of his pen the folly of critics, and the pe-  
 “ dantry of translators. He concludes with these words,  
 “ which deserve to be repeated.

‘ If serious people require some other work of me of  
 ‘ a less frivolous nature, I can easily satisfy them ; I have  
 ‘ been labouring thirty years at a work of twelve pages,  
 ‘ which will contain all that we know of metaphysics,  
 ‘ politics, and morality, and all that the greatest authors  
 ‘ have forgot in the volumes which they have published on  
 ‘ these sciences.’

## A R G U M E N T.

*THE Introduction. The Country of Gnidus described. The Palace of Venus. The Gardens. The Meadow. The River Cepheus. A Bathing Scene. The Myrtle Grove. A Wood. The Temple of Venus. The Love of Venus for Adonis. The Judgment of Paris. The Loves of Cupid and Psyche. The Temple described, and the Paintings there. The Birth of Venus. The Loves of Mars and Venus. The Marriage of Venus and Vulcan. Farther Description of the Temple, and of other Temples dedicated to Venus. The Worship at the Gnidian Temple described. Phædra. Ariadne. The Power of Love. Several Votaries at the Temple. The Praise of Venus. The Loves of Thyrsis, and of the Poet.*



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THE  
T E M P L E  
O F  
G N I D U S.

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**G** NIDUS! Delight of Venus! Thy Retreats  
The Goddess chuses, and the Paphian Isle  
Leaving, and Amathos, the Gnidians seeks,  
And with her favour'd people loves to dwell!  
No fear alarms them, not the dread of Pow'rs  
By fearful Mortals seen: they to the form  
Accustom'd, and the sight of Venus smile.  
The lovely Goddess ne'er descends on earth,



But to the Gnidians, happy Race! She deigns  
 T'unveil her native Charms, and with sweet Smiles  
 Dispels the Dread of Majesty divine,  
 While Love, and Confidence their Souls inspire!  
 Oft' in an azure cloud she's known conceal'd,  
 While her bright locks diffuse their fragrance round,  
 And waft ambrosial odours to the Skies.

A splendid city, rising on a Plain  
 With fruitage crown'd, and all the Gifts of Heav'n,  
 Its lofty Head uprears! The fields produce  
 Full crops spontaneous, and prevent their wish,  
 And golden harvests load the wealthy Year!  
 A thousand milk-white flocks disporting play,  
 While soft Favonius in the spicy gale  
 Flings round the fragrance of fresh-fallen flow'rs,  
 Breathing the Odours of Eternal Spring.  
 The melody of birds, soft murmur'ing streams,  
 The woods, the plains, with various concert fill:  
 Kind Nature here the softest influence breaths,  
 To every fragrant herb a gentle birth



Prolific gives, and love's sweet genial Pow'r  
In ev'ry product blooms, and Pleasure reigns !

Near stands the Palace of the Queen of love,  
Which for his spouse disloyal Vulcan rais'd  
Uxorious, to appease th' affront and grief,  
When in the sight of all the gods she blush'd  
For modesty expos'd, and conscious shame.  
Its charms I paint not, but the radiant wealth ;  
The Graces only can with choice of phrase,  
And happy elegance their work display !  
The bright Pyropus through the golden courts  
Pours forth its blaze of day, the rubies glow,  
And sparkling diamonds shoot their darting fires,  
While with a starry light the emerald shines !  
Rich is the structure ! elegance and art  
The wealth exceed — th' enchanting gardens see  
In blooming beauty drest ! Pomona bland  
To Flora's various arts her Labours joins :  
Their nymphs here cultivate the pleasing task,  
And joyful tend on none with busier care.  
Under the gath'ring hand new fruits arise,

And with sequacious op'ning buds succeed  
 Fresh blossoms, embryos fair of clust'ring fruit.

Here, when the Gnidians round the queen of love  
 In rural dance disport, and give a loose  
 To festive Mirth excursive, then the scene  
 Lost in confusion lies! The Garden round  
 Its blooming honours ravish'd seems to mourn :  
 But straight by secret pow'r its grace revives,  
 And all its vernal beauties bloom anew !  
 To see the lovely choir, the sportive nymphs,  
 Disrob'd of Majesty, the Goddess leaves  
 The court of Heav'n, and with delight beholds,  
 Her nymphs gay mingling in the sprightly train,  
 In harmless play their beating spirits dance,  
 And to the pleasing troupe attends benign !

A distant Vale a flow'ry Meadow spreads  
 Irriguous---There, th' enamour'd Corydon,  
 With Phyllis fairer than the fairest flow'r,  
 Culls the soft violet, and blushing rose ;  
 That Flow'r the loveliest to the shepherd seems,



And as by Flora's special grace bestow'd,  
Which gather'd by the hand of Phyllis blooms.

Rolling his course meandering, Cepheus flows  
Through the gay Meads: and if the nymphs refuse  
The kiss they promis'd, and the pledge of love,  
With circling course he forms a thousand stops,  
And as they fly presents his winding stream!

When on his verdant banks the nymphs appear,  
He stays his tardy lapse! The sequent streams  
Find waves that move not, while the am'rous God  
Pleas'd in his placid channel rests supine!  
But if a nymph unrob'd her beauties plunge  
In his clear stream, with force and love renew'd  
To her embrace he swells, and surging rolls,  
And wafts her bathing in his rapt'rous tide;  
The lovely form he courses as she laves  
On his proud current born! The nymphs are struck  
With fear, the ravish'd prize on all his waves  
He bears uplifted; through the pleasant flood  
Toft he detains her, and then gliding flow,

Long in his bosom wrapt returns the maid  
 Safe to the shore she seeks, and thus restor'd  
 The nymph with joy her happy sisters cheers !

Fast by the Meadow stands a Myrtle Grove,  
 Thick-set, and turning in a thousand paths !  
 Through winding tracts, and lonely walks perplex'd,  
 Ye lovers, here ye tell your pleasing cares !  
 Love leads, and led insensibly ye stray  
 In the most secret wilds, where errors new,  
 Bewilder'd still, your roving steps beguile !

Beside the grove, an ancient, sacred wood,  
 To light impervious---where the Oaks supreme  
 Their rev'rend tops, and heads immortal rear !  
 Here with religious awe, and holy dread,  
 The gloom obscure, and silence strikes the soul !  
 These seats, I ween, frequented by the Gods,  
 These deep dark seats, e're Mortals rose from earth !

Where the way leads abroad to op'ning light,  
 Plac'd on the summit of a rising mount,

Sacred to Venus, Queen of sweet desires,  
 The Temple stands ! No place more holy, pure !  
 Here first the Goddess fair Adonis saw,  
 Into her soul at once the poison ran ;  
 She saw, and cry'd---“ Ah ! Can a mortal born  
 “ My passion raise ! but worthy of my love !  
 “ I feel, Adonis, I adore thy charms !  
 “ Ah ! lovely youth, too worthy beauty's queen !  
 “ Though vows to me no more the Gnidians pay,  
 “ Adonis be the pow'r, Adonis be the God !”

Here, Venus summon'd all the little loves,  
 When (piqu'd with diffidence of beauty's charms,  
 And rashly doubting if her naked form  
 She to the Trojan shepherd shou'd expose)  
 With all the Graces she consulting stood !  
 Under her flowing tresses she conceal'd  
 Her golden Cestus, while her nymphs diffus'd  
 Ambrosial essence o'er her lovely limbs.  
 Her carr she mounted drawn by snowy swans,  
 And swift descended on the Phrygian plain !  
 Struck with the goddesses, the shepherd youth,



On Juno's graces, and Minerva's charms,  
 In hesitation long suspended look'd :  
 He saw fair Venus---wand'ring o'er her frame  
 With languishment his dying eyes he fixt,  
 The Golden Apple fell---he would have spoke---  
 While his disorder gave th' awarded prize !

Here Psyche first in flow'r of blooming youth,  
 As round the Temple's golden roof he flew,  
 Young Cupid saw ! and smit with pow'rful glance,  
 By love subdu'd, the God of love first felt  
 Th' Imperious Beauty's charms ! " If these my shafts,  
 " He cries, such pains can cause, why do I bear  
 " This bow, this quiver, and these baneful darts,  
 " Such cruel weapons ? But, with trembling wings  
 " On the soft breast of Psyche when he fell,  
 " The God of pleasure, and sincere delight,  
 " Exulting cry'd, Now, Psyche ! I enjoy  
 " My feat of rapture, and my realms of bliss !"

Soon as they pass the limits of the dome,  
 Gay pleasures round their ravish'd senses play

With magic sweetness ! Such the Gods enjoy  
 In mansions only of celestial bliss !  
 Here, beauty, grace, and all the various gifts  
 Of nature smile, and happy art conjoins  
 In fancy'd works ! Here, an immortal hand,  
 Copying the works of nature all around,  
 Has with excelling care its labours shewn.  
 Some God the melting colours taught to glow  
 With mimic life, the bounds of light and shade  
 Mixt various, and the figures bade to breathe !

The birth of Venus, rising from the wave,  
 Is painted there ! Her beauteous form she rears  
 New from the azure foam ; the Gods surpriz'd,  
 With looks astonish'd, and with rapture gaze !  
 At her own form embarrass'd, and the Gods,  
 Fair Venus blushes naked to be seen,  
 Adorn'd with modesty, the Grace divine !

Mars and the Goddess wrapt with equal flames  
 Th' immortal Artist drew ; their ardent loves

Are here conjoin'd ! Mars on his lofty Carr  
 Rolling his Eyes terrific fits, while Fame  
 Flies hov'ring round ! Dire Death, and Terror pale  
 March in the dreadful van with hasty strides !  
 He on his foaming steeds still rages on,  
 Till clouds of driving dust involve him round !

Then on a couch supine, with languid strength,  
 He lies enervate ; and to Venus smiles,  
 While on the rosy bed his limbs he rests !  
 Faint semblance only of the God remains !  
 Dread God of arms ! And gentle Venus ! you  
 One love entwines ! The smiling Pleasures bring  
 Odorous wreaths, and soft'ly on you throw  
 The flow'ry bands ! Deep-fetch'd enraptur'd sighs  
 Ye breathe with wav'ring eyes, and limbs confus'd !  
 Mars cheers the Goddess, and the Goddess Mars,  
 A Croud of loves in festival around  
 Laugh and disport, regardless of the train,  
 Intent themselves, and their own Joys, they heed !

Apart, with curious skill the artist drew  
 Thy Nuptials, Vulcan, with the Queen of Love.



Th' assembled court of all the Gods stand round !  
 Vulcan, less gloomy, but as pensive looks  
 As he was wont : a Pleasure spreads his Brow,  
 Yet the dark issue of his fate he fears,  
 And rising cares possess his anxious soul !  
 Venus with coldness views the common joy,  
 And gives with negligence the Hand that seems  
 Away to steal ! From Vulcan those regards,  
 Which she can hardly shew, her eyes withdraw,  
 And to the Graces turn'd the Goddess looks !

There, in another Group, o'er Hymen's bands  
 Presiding, and the solemn marriage-rites,  
 Stands Bridal Juno ! The Vulcanian spouse  
 An high-wrought goblet quaffs, and pledges Truth,  
 And Love unfault'ring to her Lemnian lord.  
 In furtive smiles th' assembled Gods appear !  
 His spouse's vows, and promises, well pleas'd  
 Hears Mulciber, and drinks such speech with greedy ear !  
 Then eagerly he glows with rapid fires,  
 And, drags his spouse, impatient ; who resists  
 With such reluctance drawn, the Goddess seems,

Cou'd Venus' form deceive, rap'd Proserpine,  
When torn by Pluto to his grieved realms!

Then next is seen how his rough arms he throws  
Round her soft frame, and, raging with desire,  
Seizes the goddess, lifted high in air,  
And flying bears her to the Bridal bed!  
The Gods all follow in a Croud confus'd!  
Venus disputes, and struggles to escape,  
And, from his brawny arms herself to free,  
A thousand ways distorts her lovely form.  
The well-turn'd columns of her snowy legs  
The flutt'ring vest forsakes, and naked shews  
Her Graces; the disorder Vulcan hides,  
And looks more anxious to conceal, than seize,  
Urging his labour still with ceaseless toil!

At last, upon the genial Couch she lies,  
The bed of Hymen in the nuptial Bow'r!  
Now Vulcan confident, in union firm,  
Thinks her his own, and join'd for ever sure!  
The gazing croud importunate retire,

And Vulcan looks, as they retire, rejoic'd !  
 The smiling Goddesses together sport,  
 While at the sight the gods dejected look :  
 But most th' indignant soul of Mars, oppress'd  
 With gloomy care, and jealous anger glows !

These Walls, magnificent in royal Pride,  
 Fair Venus loves, and viewing with delight  
 Her Temple calls ! Here all the various laws  
 For ceremonies, suits, and festal Days,  
 Priests and goddesses, Venus' self ordains !  
 All other shrines that diff'rent nations boast,  
 Can scarce be sacred deem'd, inelegant  
 No seemly rites of fair religion know !  
 Here, in embraces lewd their venal Charms  
 The wanton nymphs contaminate, and raise  
 From gain libidinous their spousal dow'rs !  
 There, even wives for once unfaithful prove,  
 When singled by the Paramour they like,  
 And once indulging quench the guilty rage,  
 Deliv'ring to the shrine the gold receiv'd !  
 Temples there are, and altars gayly deckt,



Where Courtezans than Matrons honour'd more  
 Come from all Climes with wanton Vows of Love !  
 Here to the Virgin, and the Matron chaste  
 No praise is giv'n, no reverence is shewn !  
 Yet there are temples ! Horrible to tell !  
 Where men extirpate even Nature's gifts,  
 And drest in female garb attend the rites !  
 Thus do they, goddess, maim'd and spoil'd of sex,  
 Nor Men, nor Women, at thy altars serve !

But to thy Gnidians, Venus, thou hast giv'n  
 Chaste Rites, and worthy thy celestial pow'r !  
 Sighs are the sacrifices here, and vows  
 The lover's off'ring of a gentle heart !  
 The wish he forms, and the soft words he speaks  
 When he the fair addresses, Venus hears,  
 And in the virgin's stead his suit receives.  
 Beauty, as Venus, is alike ador'd !  
 When the fair nymph excels in youthful bloom,  
 The lovely fair as Venus is divine !  
 No treach'rous swains draw near this holy fane  
 With vows deceitful, and dissembled love ;

With hearts inflam'd the Temple they approach,  
And dare their souls approve to purest truth.

By love too cruel, or a nymph unkind,  
The swain distress'd through all the Temple pours  
His soft complaints ! To calm such mighty woe  
Beams golden hope, and sooths his tortur'd soul !  
If e're, ye swains, your faithful loves have known  
A fortune too severe, no promise vain,  
Which Venus gives to truth, ye here perceive,  
And feeling prove joys equal to your cares !  
The lover's happiness the Goddess forms,  
And measures still the pleasures with the pains.  
Should raging jealousy torment the soul !  
Still it avails, in secret to conceal  
The passion speechless, and to hide the pain,  
The fickle fancies of the wav'ring nymph,  
And the Caprices of the fair adore,  
As we adore the destinies of heav'n !  
Who dares to blame them ! What should be rever'd  
In silence, if you charge with vain complaint,  
More just from the complaint you feel the woe !

The flames, the rage, the transports of the soul  
 In the fierce fires of love, are gifts of heav'n ;  
 And as the votary less asserts the pow'r  
 O'er his own Heart, O Goddess, to your sway  
 The more you bend him, and your captive rule !

Far from the Temple the Profane retire,  
 Whose impious souls ne'er glow'd with gen'rous love !  
 Aloof they stand, and utter their requests,  
 Forbid to violate, or approach the dome,  
 Invoke the Goddess with assisting pow'r  
 The soul's dull Calm by passion to awake ;  
 To deign propitious from them to remove  
 The burden liberty ! Now found too great,  
 And long grown hateful ! Where no wishes form'd  
 Stir the lethargic soul, or Pleasures charm !

O'er the fair Virgin's face sweet Venus spreads  
 The modest blush ; where Modesty inspires,  
 Each act it heightens, and each grace improves,  
 While fancy raises ev'ry latent charm !  
 Yet, in these seats no virgin ever blush'd



To bear the rapture of a love sincere :  
Nor ever blush'd, sometimes her lawful flames,  
And soul ingenuous in kind words to own !

False swains unfeeling, never touch'd with love,  
Seek for occasion to dissolve their chains ;  
But to the fair 'tis criminal, profane,  
Though ne'er so galling, to dissolve the band !  
The heart is fix'd the moment that it ought,  
Yet ne'er surrenders without love sincere !

The God of love their happiness attends !  
When love annoys them, well he knows the shafts  
That pierce their hearts ! if no distress can move  
The stubborn breast, no complaints th' un pitying swain,  
Love is their gentle friend, and sends his darts  
To nymphs dispairing dipt in Lethe's stream !  
When he beholds a mutual Passion rise,  
He pours incessant all his num'rous Shafts,  
And feeds with ev'ry brand the glowing Fires !  
But when he sees the languid flames decay,

He suddenly revives their kindling fires,  
 Or quite extinguishes the dying Flame !  
 For Cupid spares them, when desire declines,  
 The low'ring Moments of expiring Love !  
 Disgust they feel not, e'er they cease to love,  
 But pleasures new, and sweeter still succeed,  
 And blot the memory of the former Blifs ;  
 And gentle Cupid to his favour'd Train  
 Still gives indulgent more delightful Joys.

Love from his quiver cull'd Those cruel Shafts  
 Which tortur'd Phædra with a deadly Wound,  
 And Ariadne rackt with barb'rous Darts !  
 T' inflict such Wounds his venom'd shafts he drew,  
 As Jove his Bolts, with love and hatred blent ;  
 And, Mighty Cupid, as the Thunder shews  
 The Pow'r of Jove, Thee, while the Heart you sting  
 With bitter Hate, or joyful Love inspire,  
 We own a God, descended from Above,  
 Your Sway acknowledge, and confess your Reign.

As Cupid in the Heart soft love inspires,  
 So Venus gives the Virgin Charms to please.

The sun ne'er sinks beneath the western wave,  
 But the fair nymphs sollicit, where from fight  
 The sanctuary retires, the queen of love  
 With soft Petitions, and assiduous Vows;  
 The genuine Wishes of their inmost Soul  
 Without Disguise, or Art, the fair disclose,  
 And simple grace, pure-flowing from the heart,  
 Shines out in Words as pure; " Oh, Paphian queen,  
 " Crys one, for Thyrsis are my flames expir'd;  
 " I ask not, Goddess, to restore my fires  
 " Again for Thyrsis, but, Propitious grant,  
 " That Daphnis love me now, that Daphnis be my flame!"

" Oh give me pow'r, another crys, such pow'r,  
 " While scarce her voice low-whispering is heard,  
 " That my lov'd Damon know not with what flames  
 " My bosom glows, that long my loves conceal'd  
 " He may not see, his Dirce's secret soul!  
 " Thus what hereafter, to inhance the Price,  
 " My Love shall utter, he more pleas'd shall hear,  
 " My Damon hear his Dirce freely own."



" I know not what of late enchants my Soul  
 " Thus inly griev'd, says Delia, and distress'd !  
 " I hate the glare of Light, I wish to rove  
 " In solitudes forlorn, and lonely Wilds ;  
 " The Sports of my Companions now displease !  
 " 'Tis Love, perchance ! If these are Cupid's darts,  
 " It must be Daphnis, Daphnis that I love !"

O Goddess, Thee, with Symphony divine,  
 Consenting Youths and Virgins celebrate !  
 And Hymen, Hymen on the Festal Days  
 Invoke with num'rous song ! Here all Things round  
 Thy Praise proclaim ! The swain who tells his loves,  
 Thy Triumphs often, and thy Glory tells !  
 As beauteous Florimel young Thyrsis led,  
 He sung exulting : " With Those very Shafts  
 " My soul is smit, which rag'd in Cupid's breast  
 " By Psyche's glance ! One Lot has blest us Two !  
 " Thou, God, hast felt th' Intensity of my Flame  
 " And I have felt how exquisite thy Joy !"

I sing not Loves unknown ! Detain'd I liv'd  
 In Gnidos' sweet Retreat ! There, Themira,

Fairest of all the lovely virgin Train,  
 I saw thee, and I lov'd ! And seen again,  
 New-rising ardours rais'd my first-felt fires !  
 In these dear Seats, wou'd Heav'n but grant the boon,  
 And lovely Themira give, for ages give !  
 Here wou'd I dwell ! Here spend my latest Days !  
 Nor greater cou'd I wish a Mortal Bliss !  
 Into the holy Fane, lo ! Themira calls,  
 And Faithful Love leads on my willing soul !  
 The lofty PALACE, and the sacred SHRINE  
 With joy I pierce ; and, Themira, to Thee  
 All-hallow'd think these consecrated Walls !  
 Sweet flow'rs I gather roving through the VALE,  
 And place the choicest gifts on Themira's breast !  
 With Thee perhaps my lot will give to stray,  
 In pleasing silence, through the MYRTLE GROVE,  
 Where with soft Rapture in bewilder'd Scenes,  
 My Themira——But cease the song inspir'd,  
 Cupid his Rites forbids me to reveal,  
 And, Cupid, I thy Rites mysterious deem !

## A R G U M E N T.

*THE Oracle of Venus described. The Answers of Venus to several Persons who come to consult the Oracle. Answer to a Coquette of Crete. To Thais, the celebrated Courtezan. To a wealthy Lydian Lord. To the Shepherd Aristeus. To the Poet. The Annual Games, or, the Prize of Beauty. Helen often triumphed. A Description of the Ladies of all Nations, who come to dispute the Prize. The Ladies of Corinth, Salamis, and Lesbos. The Ladies of Miletus. Of Cyprus. The Ladies of Sparta. The Loves of Oriana, and Candaules, described. The Babylonian Ladies. The Egyptian Ladies. An Indian Queen. The Nymphs of Gnidus. Camilla, the Mistress of Aristeus, does not come, and her reason for not coming. Diana honours the Games. A Comparison of Her with Venus. The Modesty of the Ladies of all Nations. Themira, the Poet's Mistress, obtains the Prize by the Judgment of Venus, and is crowned by the Graces.*



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T H E  
T E M P L E  
O F  
G N I D U S.  
C A N T O II.

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**B**Y nymphs frequented in a lonely Vale  
There stands a Grotto----where the Gnidians hear  
Th' indulgent Goddess in the softest Voice  
Her counsels give, and Oracles disclose.  
The Earth there groans not with a hollow Sound,  
Nor stands the stranger's Hair with fear erect ;  
No Priestess trembles in the secret Cave,

As at the Delphic Shrine, when Phœbus fills  
 Th' astonish'd Pythian with prophetic Rage;  
 But Venus' Self to Mortals lends an ear,  
 Nor sporting with their pleasures, or their pains,  
 Soothes all their Hopes, and banishes their fears!

From lofty Ida, and the Cretan shore,  
 A false Coquette on Gnidus coast arriv'd!  
 See! her surrounded by a num'rous Train  
 Of Gnidian Youths! On One she gayly smiles,  
 And to Another whispers soft Alarms,  
 Her Hand inclining on a Third she lays,  
 And with a pow'rful Look, and luring Voice,  
 Two more she summons to attend her steps!  
 Fair was the Nymph! and artfully adorn'd!  
 Her Voice insidious, as her treach'rous Eyes!  
 Inchanting sound! Nor less in words, than soul,  
 She meditates ambiguous deep Deceit!  
 How were, O Heav'ns! th' Gnidian nymphs alarm'd!  
 The faithful Gnidians! With disdainful pride,  
 On, as some Goddess, confident she moves  
 The Shrine approaching---Suddenly a Voice

Forth from the Grott was heard---“ Perfidious Fair,  
 “ To bring thy Treacheries audacious here,  
 “ Where with Simplicity, and Truth I reign !  
 “ Fly, fly these Realms, for vain are all thy Arts :  
 “ Thy Crime a Sentence just, and Vengeance waits !  
 “ Of ev’ry Charm, and each alluring Grace,  
 “ Thy Form I’ll strip ! Ah ! dreadful Punishment !  
 “ Yet shall thy treach’rous heart be still the same !  
 “ Thy Charms all blasted, Thou on ev’ry Swain  
 “ Shalt ceaseless call ; They from thy plaintive Form  
 “ Amaz’d, as from a Spectre, scar’d shall run ;  
 “ Whilst Thou desponding, lost to ev’ry Hope,  
 “ Shalt die rejected with Contempt, and Scorn !”

Here blooming Thais from Nocritis came,  
 Richly array’d in Gold, and orient Gems,  
 The ravish’d Spoils of mercenary Love !  
 “ Go ! says the Goddess ! Think’st Thou by these spoils,  
 “ Vainly deluded, thus to raise my Name,  
 “ And by these triumphs mean extend my sway ?  
 “ Th’ excelling Beauty of thy matchless Form



- " Shews thou hast nameless Pleasures to bestow,  
 " Yet no Delight it gives, no Joys sincere!  
 " Thy Heart is cruel ! nor could Thais love:  
 " The dearest Youth by lavish nature form'd !  
 " With thy false blandishments, and soothing arts,  
 " Go,---heap thy specious favours on the base,  
 " Who vainly purchase thy disgusting Charms !  
 " Fitter to make my Name, and Pow'r despis'd,  
 " Display those beauties, which thy lovers see,  
 " Once struck with rapture, and for ever lose !"

Next to the shrine advanc'd an Eastern Lord,  
 The wealthy Treasurer of the Lydian King,  
 And to the Queen prefer'd his idle suit.  
 " You ask, the Goddess with Contempt replies,  
 " Though Queen of Love what Venus cannot grant:  
 " That some fair Beauty may thy Heart engage,  
 " And give Thee all the ravishments of Love !  
 " Men purchase Beauty for Delight and Joy,  
 " And with thy Treasures Thou the loveliest nymphs  
 " Hast made th' obedient subjects of thy will ;  
 " Yet love them not, because you bought their charms.

“ What Nature wants kind Nature will bestow,  
 “ But tir’d with beauty, and with pleasures cloy’d,  
 “ Not uselefs see thy Riches !---To disgust  
 “ With all that’s charming the possessor’s soul !”

Then Aristeus, youthful shepherd, came  
 To move his tender suit, a Dorian born.  
 At Gnidus he had seen the lovely form  
 Of young Camilla, and with rising flames  
 Now to distraction lov’d th’ enchanting Fair ;  
 Yet begg’d of Venus, in th’ excess of Love,  
 Still to increase, and raise his ardent fires !  
 “ I know, crys Venus, all thy gentle heart,  
 “ How sensible of Love thy soul receives  
 “ The strongest passion, and the fiercest flames !  
 “ With mutual sentiment, and equal truth,  
 “ I’ve found Camilla worthy of thy love !  
 “ To Kings I could have giv’n the peerless fair---  
 “ But Monarchs merit less than faithful Swains !”

With Themira last I came---the Goddess saw,  
 And from the sacred shrine the Goddess spoke---

" There's not a Mortal in Love's Empire known,  
 " Who more my Rites, and holy Laws reveres,  
 " Or with submission to my sceptre bends !  
 " What is thy Wish ? What still can Venus grant !  
 " More ardent flames in thy enamour'd soul  
 " Nor Venus' self, nor Cupid can inspire !  
 " Nor can the Graces with united pow'r  
 " To lovely Themira give increase of Charms !"  
 Great Goddess ! I reply'd, " a thousand boons,  
 " A thousand Graces suppliant I implore !  
 " Oh, grant propitious, by thy pow'r divine  
 " That Themira think not, but on Me alone,  
 " No other Swain behold, or Mortal hear !  
 " My image still recurring to her soul,  
 " May she in pleasing dreams of me awake !  
 " Charm'd with my presence, still to lose me fear,  
 " Griev'd at my absence, sigh for my return,  
 " And anxious count the minutes, and regret  
 " The cruel moments that without me pass !"

Annual at Gnidus are the Sacred Games,  
 When from all Climes the Fair assembled meet,



Of rival Beauty to dispute the Prize!  
 Here mix the Daughters of the simple Swain  
 Alike with Princesses: for Beauty's pow'r  
 All marks of empire and distinction gives!  
 O'er the sweet train fair Venus' self presides,  
 And gives without a doubt th' awarded prize.  
 For conscious well she knows the happy Fair,  
 Whom most she favours, and has most adorn'd!

Helen oft' won the Meed---She triumph'd first,  
 When Theseus ravish'd the fair Virgin's charms:  
 Again she triumph'd, the just pride of Greece,  
 When Paris bore her to the Trojan shore:  
 She triumph'd last with yet unrival'd charms,  
 By fate, and by the Gods to Greece restor'd,  
 Still to reward a ten years pleasing Hope:  
 When Venus deem'd, and Menelaus thought  
 The Spouse as happy, as the Lovers blest!

There came from Corinth Thirty Nymphs, whose Hair  
 In wanton ringlets down their Shoulders hung.  
 Ten nymphs from Salamis---who scarce had seen

The course of thirteen funs----A blooming Group!

Thrice Five from Lesbos---as they walk'd, "My Dear,"

Each to the other said, "What Charms I view!

"I'm all enchanted! ravish'd with delight!

"Sure never nymph could boast such lovely charms!

"Did Venus with My eyes your Form survey,

"Amidst th' assembled Beauties of the world,

"She'd crown your Graces with the peerless Meed!"

Then from Miletus fifty nymphs---No tint

With their complexions could in fairness vye,

Nor art their features regular could trace!

In all their limbs exact proportion shew'd,

Or promis'd symmetry of ev'ry part.

No lovelier creatures could the Gods have form'd,

Had they not been more studious to bestow

The charms of Person, than the charms of Soul!

From Cyprus next an Hundred Ladies came---

And thus they said---"We have at Cyprus pass'd,

"At Venus' Temple, our first Bloom of Youth,

"And offer'd to the Queen our virgin charms----

“ Our Modesty---We blush not at our Charms---  
 “ Our Manners sometimes bold, and always free,  
 “ Should give us fair advantage o’er a shame,  
 “ Which still creates us ever fresh Alarms !”

There of proud Sparta I the Daughters saw---  
 Their Robes flew open from the Cestus down,  
 And oft’ their Charms indecently display’d :  
 Yet They behav’d as Prudes---maintain’d, and vow’d  
 They ne’er would violate their Virgin Shame,  
 But for their Country’s Good, and Public-Weal !

Thou Sea, so famous for a Thousand Wrecks,  
 Well did you keep your treasure, and your trust,  
 The charming nymphs committed to your care !  
 When Argo laden with the Golden Fleece  
 Sail’d o’er your liquid plain, you still’d the waves :  
 And when from Colchos Fifty Beanties pass’d,  
 Confiding in your smiles, a precious Freight,  
 You gently roll’d, and bow’d beneath their Feet !

Sweet Oriana Here I likewise saw,  
 In Form a Goddess ! all the Beauties round,



That Lydia boasts, encircled their fair Queen ;  
 Who had before her sent an hundred Maids  
 With twice an hundred talents, as a Vow  
 To Venus due!---Candaules' self appear'd,  
 More by his Love distinguish'd, than his Robes  
 Of royal Purple! Days and nights he pass'd  
 With looks devouring Oriana's Charms!  
 His Eyes roll'd ceaseless over ev'ry Grace,  
 Yet never tir'd! " Oh! In her princely charms  
 " I'm Happy, cry'd the King! But, ah! 'tis known  
 " Only to Venus, and Myself! How high  
 " Would still my Lot, and Happiness be rais'd!  
 " Did it but envy through the World inspire!  
 " These needless ornaments throw off, My Queen,  
 " And drop this veil, so troublesome, and vain,  
 " Shew to the Universe, display thy Charms!  
 " Ah! Leave the Prize of Beauty, and demand  
 " Altars in honour to thy Graces rais'd!"

Then Twenty Babylonians proud advanc'd,  
 In Robes of Purple, and embroider'd Gold----  
 They thought their Luxury, and Pride of Drefs,

Inhanc'd the price, and value of their Charms !  
 Attendants follow'd with a load of wealth,  
 Which by their venal Loves their charms had gain'd,  
 And bore their riches as their Beauty's proof.

Behind was seen a dark Egyptian band,  
 Whose brilliant eyes were jet, and tresses black.  
 Near stood their Husbands---and impassion'd spoke---  
 " In Isis' Honour the Egyptian laws  
 " Make us th'obedient Subjects of your will ;  
 " But Beauty's charms with still more pow'rful sway  
 " A stronger empire o'er our hearts maintains !  
 " You We obey, as we obey the Gods !  
 " The happiest Husbands, and the happiest Slaves !  
 " To you our Duty answers for our Truth :  
 " Your Faith 'tis Love can promise us alone !  
 " Be with th' applauses you at Gnidus gain  
 " Affected less, and with the glory fir'd,  
 " Than with the Homage you may find at home  
 " From easy Paramours---who, while abroad

“ You range, perplex’d with business, and in cares,  
 “ In the small circle of domestic life,  
 “ Ought in your family to wait the heart  
 “ You bring returning to your joyful Spouse !”

Next came a smaller Group from pow’rful Tyre,  
 That to the limits of the World extreme  
 Her navies sends---their Heads were proudly deckt,  
 Loaded with Ornaments superfluous,  
 And rounded Tires like the crescent Moon !  
 All climates seem’d to furnish out their Dress,  
 And with vain equipage the nymphs fatigue !

Ten Beauties follow’d from the farthest East,  
 The Daughters of Aurora---ev’ry Day  
 Long e’er the Sun shot forth his orient Beams,  
 To see the Goddess of the Morn they rose.  
 Much they complain’d of Phœbus’ golden Light,  
 Which made their fading Mother disappear !  
 And much of Her ! who dawning to their Sight,  
 But as to other Mortals shew’d her Charms !



Under a Tent I saw an Indian Queen!  
 Her Daughters round her smil'd, a pleasing Group,  
 That gayly sporting promis'd equal Charms!  
 Attendant Eunuchs serv'd her : on the Ground  
 Their eyes dejected fell---for since they breath'd  
 The Air of Gnidus, with redoubled force  
 They felt increas'd their melancholy Gloom!

The Nymphs of Gades, in the West extreme,  
 Alike contested the disputed Prize!  
 There is no Clime, or Country, where the Fair  
 Receive not Homage! and the highest shewn  
 Alone can sooth th' Ambition of the Fair!

Last came the Gnidian Nymphs---of artless Mein,  
 Fair without Ornament, and simply neat!  
 No Jewels glitter'd in their costly Dress,  
 But their own Graces deckt their genuine Charms!  
 Wove with their Hair fair Flora's native Gifts  
 Adorn'd their Tresses, where with sweeter Breath  
 They courted still gay Zephyr's soft embrace!

This only Merit their nice Robes display'd,  
Spun by the fingers of the lovely Nymphs,  
They mark'd th' exactness of the finest Shapes !

Among these Beauties, who so charm'd around,  
We saw not young Camilla---sweetest Maid !  
The Nymph appear'd not, for the Nymph had said  
In secret---to the Goddesses thus had vow'd---  
“ Oh ! Queen of Love !---I'll not dispute the Prize---  
“ Enough for me !---That Aristeus loves !---  
“ That dearest Aristeus thinks me fair !”

The chaste Diana grac'd These sacred Games!  
The Goddesses came not to contend the Prize,  
For the fair Daughters of Immortal Jove  
Do not with Mortal Nymphs compare their Charms.  
Alone I saw her !---and Diana seem'd,  
As fair, as lovely, as the Gnidian Queen---  
The Goddesses then I saw with Venus stand---  
And then Diana, but Diana seem'd !

So grand a concourse ! and so gay a sight  
 Was ne'er survey'd ! Distinguish'd into Groups,  
 O'er People, Nations, the delighted eye  
 From Spain to Ganges travers'd the fair scene  
 With rapture struck---and Gnidus seem'd the World !

To diff'rent Goddesses as Nature gave  
 Their diff'rent Charms, so the Immortal Gods  
 Divided Beauty to the World have shar'd  
 In diff'rent Climates !---Various we behold  
 There the proud Beauty of the blue-ey'd Maid,  
 Here Juno's grandeur, and majestic Grace,  
 There, chaste Diana's sweet simplicity,  
 Delicate Thetis', and the Graces' charms,  
 And sometimes see a lovely Venus Smile !

It seem'd that ev'ry nation had a Mode  
 Their own peculiar Modesty to mark ;  
 To draw each eye that ev'ry woman strove  
 With luring Fashions, and attractive Looks ;  
 Delighted to be seen, and catch the sight  
 For some the Neck display'd, the Shoulders veil'd ;



Others the Shoulders bar'd, the Neck conceal'd ;  
 And such as hid the Foot, would pay the fight  
 With other charms ; and there they blush'd at Modes,  
 Call'd here fair Modesty, and decent Grace.

So much with Themira the Gods were charm'd,  
 At ev'ry look, They smil'd upon their Work !  
 Of all the Goddeffes the Gnidian Queen  
 Alone with pleasure fees her lovely Form ;  
 As touch'd with jealousy the sportive Gods  
 Rally'd the Daughters of Immortal Jove !

As in a verdant Lawn of springing Flow'rs  
 In various beauty, we remark a Rose---  
 So lovely Themira distinguish'd peer'd !  
 With rival graces to compare their Charms  
 No Time was giv'n, the blooming Nymphs around  
 At once were vanquish'd, e'er they fear'd her charms !  
 The Goddess fix'd, as she approach'd, her Eyes

On Her alone---and to the Graces spoke---

" Go, crown fair Themira with the peerless Meed---

" Amidst th' assembled Beauties of the World,

" Sweet Themira alone resembles you !"

## A R G U M E N T.

*THE Poet meets with Aristeus in a Grove. They enter into conversation, and recite their several histories. The Poet is by birth a Sybarite. He relates the Manners of the Sybarites. He contemns his Country, and leaves it. He sails to Crete. A Description of Crete. He arrives at Lesbos. A Description of the Lesbian Women. He leaves Lesbos, and sails to Lemnos. The Impiety of the Lemnians. In search of some happier Country he arrives at Delos. He stays there some time, but is not pleased with that Island. In a Vision he sees one of the Graces, whom he describes, sent by Venus to promise him Happiness. He is ordered to sail to Gnidus. The state of his Mind at his arrival there. He sees the Gnidian Nymphs sporting in a Meadow, and among them Themira. His address to Venus. He intreats Aristeus to recount his History. Aristeus tells him his History consists only in his love for Camilla, and the simple Sentiments, and Dictates of the Heart.*

*Camilla, Daughter of a wealthy Gnidian, excels still more in Graces, than in Beauty. A Description of her Person, Dress, Wit, and simplicity of Manners. Her love for Aristeus. Aristeus' love for Camilla. Several sentimental Descriptions, and short Conversations. Camilla's Love and Modesty. Aristeus solicites her, and ends his Narration to contemplate the more on her charms, and Love. -*





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T H E  
T E M P L E  
O F  
G N I D U S.  
C A N T O III.

---

**M**EAN time, while lovely Themira was employ'd,  
The fairest Themira crown'd with Beauty's Wreath,  
With her Companions in the Rites of Love,  
And holy Worship of the Gnidian Queen ;  
Musing I pierc'd a solitary Grove---  
Where gentle Aristeus chanc'd to stray!  
First on that day I saw him, when we late  
In the soft transports of our rising Fires,

Came to consult the Oracle rever'd !

Hence in our souls a sympathy arose,

For in the presence of a Gnidian swain

Venus a pleasing amity inspires !

That secret charm, which friends long absent feel,

When join'd again with rapture they embrace !

Transported with each other---we perceiv'd

To Love's soft empire both our hearts resign'd :

From Heav'n descending, a sweet Friendship seem'd

T' unite our souls, and reign within our breasts !

A thousand actions, and a thousand scenes

Gayly o'erpass, delighted we relate---

At length to Aristeus thus I spoke.

At Sybaris born I drew the vital air,

And in that city fam'd, Antilochus

Was the gay priest of Venus, and my fire !

Between the luxuries, and wants of life,

There the inhabitants, in softness sunk,

No diff'rence know---and from the city far

Banish all artists, or of toil, or sound,

That may with dissonance their ease annoy,



Or fights displeasing ! at the public charge  
 Prizes are offer'd, and rewards bestow'd  
 On such as shall invent a pleasure new,  
 Or fresher sources of delight, and joy !  
 The citizens remember only drolls,  
 Fiddlers, and Eunuchs, Dancers, and Buffoons,  
 While lost to memory is ev'ry trace  
 Of worthy Magistrates, who wisely rul'd !

Here They abuse the riches of the soil,  
 Which with eternal plenty smiles around !  
 And all the Blessings by the Gods bestow'd,  
 And with a lavish hand on Sybaris pour'd,  
 But flatter luxury, and sooth their pride !

So sunk in softness are the men---and lost,  
 They dress like women, and like women paint !  
 Effeminate their nice complexions form  
 With equal skill ; and with an equal care  
 They tyre their tresses ! at their toilettes plac'd,  
 With various arts as many hours employ



T' adjust a ringlet, or correct a hair !  
 A false politeness---and gay folly reigns---  
 And but one sex in all the city seems !

The women there surrender not their charms,  
 But all abandon to the lover's will.  
 Each day beholds, among the nymphs and swains,  
 Alike desiring---and with equal hopes---  
 All that they want, and all they wish, compleat !  
 To love they know not---or to be belov'd---  
 Fixt is their business, and their sole employ,  
 Without a pleasure true, or bliss sincere,  
 On what the Sybarites enjoyment call !

A gross reality each favour shews---  
 While ev'ry pleasing circumstance that waits  
 So happily on love---Those little arts---  
 Those dear engagements of such mighty price,  
 And moment great---Those trifles of such worth,  
 With all that to the happy moment lead---  
 So many conquests in the lieu of one,

Such sweet enjoyments still before the last---

These, these, at Sybaris are all unknown !

Yet did a ray of modesty inspire !

That soft reflection of a virtuous mind !

The faintest lustre of that charm would please !

But shame they know not---Ev'ry thing to hear

Their ears accusom'd---and their eyes to see !---

So far is pleasure, and her num'rous train

Of smiling joys, from raising in their souls

A finer sense of delicate delight,

That lost to taste, and ev'ry sweeter charm,

Each diff'rent sentiment alike they feel !

In mirth insipid, and exteriour joy,

Their days they spend unhappy, and distressed

One lifeless pleasure for another quit,

Still more displeasing, while each changing scene

Which fond imagination can supply,

But forms a subject for a new disgust !

Their souls, incapable of tasting bliss,

Feel but a finer sense for finer pain !

Thus was a Sybarite, one tedious night,  
In bed tormented with a rose's leaf !

Soft indolence, and ease have so enerv'd  
Their feeble frames, they scarcely can sustain  
The lightest weight---or ev'n themselves support !  
At ev'ry motion, all oppress'd, and spent  
In the most easy vehicles, they faint !  
And at their feasts---with ev'ry viand crown'd---  
Each moment fail their appetite, and taste !

Condemn'd to sophas, and on beds reclin'd  
In soft repose they languish out the day !  
Without relief they languish !---least fatigu'd  
By toilsome change, or in a ruder place  
They bruise their bodies with an ease less soft !

To wield their arms unable---or to bear--  
Th' appear to citizens of timid mien---  
To strangers cowards---and unmanly seem  
Of dastard spirit, and submissive soul,  
For the first Master ever ready slaves !



Soon as this breast was taught by reason's lore,  
 Th' unhappy Sybarites with contempt I view'd---  
 Virtue I lov'd!---and ever fear'd the Gods!---  
 No longer, said I, will I draw this air,  
 This air infectious---All these slaves were made,  
 In softness sunk, with indolence oppress'd,  
 To breath, and die upon their native spot---  
 Which I by destiny was born to quit!

Then to the Temple, never to return!  
 Resolv'd I drew! And as with hasty step  
 Those altars I approach'd, where oft' my fire  
 Had crown'd the victim, and with garlands deckt!  
 "Great Goddess!" cry'd I, with exalted voice,  
 "Thy temple I abandon!---Not thy Rites!---  
 "Where'er on earth I draw the vital air,  
 "To Thee, Oh! Goddess, shall my incense rise,  
 "But burn with purer, and with brighter flames!"

Leaving my native soil with just disdain  
 To Crete I sail'd, with indignation fill'd!  
 Fam'd is this isle for monuments of love,

And all its dire extravagance and rage !  
 The brazen bull, the work of Dædalus,  
 Form'd to deceive, or gratify the Lust  
 Of wild Pasiphæe---distracted with love---  
 I there beheld !---Th' intricate labyrinth---  
 Whose maze perplex'd love only could elude !  
 The Tomb of Phædra which amaz'd the sun !  
 And Ariadne's Temple ! Nymph forlorn !  
 Who left in deserts by a perjur'd wretch,  
 Ungrateful Theseus !---full of frantic woe,  
 On the bare rock, repented not her love !

The palace of Idomeneus I saw---  
 Who than the other chiefs no gentler fate,  
 On his return from Troy, unhappy found !  
 For Those, who from the dreadful sea escap'd,  
 And fierce resentment of the wrathful waves,  
 Found their own palaces more dreadful still !  
 Venus incens'd return'd them to the arms,  
 And false embraces of their treach'rous wives,  
 And by the hand they held most dear they fell !

This Isle forsaking, odious to the Queen,  
 Who once with Happiness would crown my Days,  
 I re-imbark'd !---When rolling seas, and Gales  
 Tempestuous cast me on the Lesbian shore !  
 Ill-fated Lesbos ! still than hateful Crete  
 By Heav'n less favour'd, and the Queen of Love !  
 Venus has here effac'd the women's charms !  
 All modesty eraz'd with blushing grace,  
 Their female weakness, and their lovely fears,  
 Those sweetest charms of Person, and of Soul !  
 Oh ! Venus ! Let them burn with lawful Flames,  
 And spare the Human Nature such Disgrace !

At the fair Capital of Lesbos dwelt  
 The tender Sappho---who, unhappy Nymph  
 Immortal as the Muses ! glow'd inflam'd  
 With ardent passion, which she could not quench !  
 Hating herself---disgusted with her Charms,  
 Her sex she lov'd not, yet with Flattery fought !  
 " How can a Flame, she cry'd, a flame so vain,  
 " So cruel prove !---Oh ! Cupid ! when in sport  
 " You wing the Dart, more fearful is your Pow'r,  
 " Than when inrag'd you strike the galling Shaft !"



Lesbos I quitted—and thro' furling Seas  
 Toft I arriv'd upon the Lemnian shore,  
 Led to an ifle by fate ftill more profane!  
 Venus has here no confecrated Shrine,  
 No holy worship, to the lovely Queen  
 The hardy Lemnians ne'er addrefs their Vows!  
 A worship we reject the Lemnians cry,  
 The foul which softens, and unmans the heart!  
 Oft has the Goddess punish'd fuch difdain  
 With juft revenge! yet they the Pain endure,  
 Without atonement for their guilty Crimes,  
 More impious ftill as they are punish'd moft!

In ceafelefs Search of fome more favour'd Shore,  
 Some happier Country, thro' the rolling Deep  
 The winds my fhatter'd Bark to Delos bore!  
 Long in this facred Ifle, till Cynthia's Orb  
 Increasing thrice renew'd her filver Light,  
 I ftay'd contented—but yet joylefs ftay'd!  
 For whether Heav'n fome Prefages infpires  
 Of diftant Joys, or ftill the foul retains,  
 From the Divinity from whence it fprung,  
 Some Emanations of celestial fire  
 Which yet enlighten, and inform the Soul:

A dull indifference I felt imprest,  
 And well perceiv'd at Delos that my fate,  
 And fortune warn'd me to another clime !

One night as in that tranquil State I lay,  
 When the pleas'd soul, exulting with Delight,  
 Seems more Herself, deliver'd from the chain  
 That holds her bound—a lovely form arose !  
 Divine, or human !—Yet a female Form !  
 A secret Charm o'er all her Person spread,  
 As Venus ravishing—tho' not so fair !  
 Her features all not regular—but fine—  
 Yet all together did the soul inchant !  
 Careless her Tresses down her shoulders hung,  
 And charm'd with happy Negligence—her Shape,  
 Her stature lovely—and all over Charms !  
 Such was her air as Nature gives alone,  
 And secret from the Painters still conceals !  
 My rapt astonishment she saw—and smil'd—  
 Gods ! what a smile ! And with the sweetest Voice,  
 A voice that struck my very inmost soul !  
 ' I am, said she, of Heav'nly Venus' Train !

" One of the Graces !—And to Thee am sent,

" To make Thee happy !—So the Goddess wills !

" But to the Gnidian Isle you must repair,

" And heav'nly Venus at her shrine adore !"

She fled, she vanish'd—quick my arms I stretch'd

With eagerness to catch the fleeting form,

While with her in a moment fled my sleep !

A sweet Regret continu'd at her Loss,

Mix'd with the Pleasure of the charming sight !

I soon left Delos, and to Gnidus sail'd—

Where instantly I breath'd the air of love !

I felt—methought—but Fancy cannot paint

What there I felt !—I was not yet in Love—

But sought some lovely object to adore !

My Soul was fir'd, as in the Presence struck

Of some sweet Beauty—eager I advanc'd,

And at a distance saw fair-blooming Nymphs,

Gayly disporting in a flow'ry Mead !

At once attracted—" Senseless as I am,

" I feel, said I, and yet I love not, all

" The sweet Distraction that a Lover feels !

" My Heart flies out to objects yet unknown,

" And with inquietude my soul they fill !"



Nearer I drew, and lovely Themira saw—  
 Sure! we were made to bless each Other's arms!  
 On none but on the charming Fair I look'd!  
 And should have dy'd with Grief, had she not turn'd,  
 And cast upon my Love some kind regards!  
 " Oh! Goddess!" cry'd I, with enraptur'd soul,  
 " Since you with Happiness will crown my days,  
 " Grant! with this Shepherdess I may be blest!  
 " All other Beauties freely I renounce,  
 " She can alone your Promises fulfill,  
 " And all the Wishes that my Soul can form!"

While thus with Aristeus I convers'd,  
 And all the Story of my passion told,  
 He sigh'd his own: his gentle Heart I sooth'd,  
 The swain intreating to recount his Cares!  
 When thus He spoke—I nothing shall forget,  
 By the same God inspir'd who rapt the swain!

In all my Narrative of pleasing Cares,  
 Simplicity, and Love, will only reign!  
 My soft Adventures are the sentiments,  
 And genuine Dictates of a feeling Heart!  
 In these are plac'd my Pleasures, and my Pains!—

And as my Happiness Camilla forms,  
She forms alike my History of Life!

Camilla, daughter of a Gnidian Lord,  
The dear Camilla, beautiful and young,  
Is deckt with sweetest Graces, that exceed  
E'en Beauty's charms---in ev'ry heart her Face  
Deeply impress'd its lively Image leaves,  
And captivates the soul of ev'ry swain!  
The fairest Virgins when Desires they form,  
And all the wishes of their souls express,  
Camilla's graces of the Gods require!  
The Youths who see her, would for ever see  
The Nymph enchanting, or yet longer fear  
Her lovely charms, and beauties to behold!

Of graceful Stature, and a Shape exact,  
The lucky hand of Heav'n Camilla fram'd!  
A nymph of modest---but of noble mein!  
Lively her Eyes---yet ready to be kind---  
With ev'ry feature for each other form'd;  
Sweetly each Charm adapted, and express'd,  
To reign with triumph over ev'ry Heart!

Careless she seeks not Ornament of Dress,  
Yet than all other Nymphs is more adorn'd !

From Her that easy Wit with judgment flows,  
Which Nature seldom to the fair imparts.  
Alike she's ready for the grave, or gay,  
Will join in free, or sensible Discourse,  
Like Pallas reason, or the Graces sport !

The more true Wit the shepherd may possess,  
In sweet Camilla He the more will find :  
Something so natural, so free appears,  
She speaks alone the Language of the Heart !  
All that she says, each Action, and each Grace  
Shew the true charms of sweet Simplicity !  
In ev'ry Sentiment, in ev'ry Thought,  
You find the native Shepherdess inchant !  
Graces so easy, delicate, refin'd,  
Will ever charm, but are with rapture felt !

With all these Graces, and with all these Charms,  
The fair Camilla loves her simple swain !  
She looks transported when she sees me near---  
If I depart---as sorrowful she seems ;



By Promises conjures my quick Return,  
 As if without her I could Life endure !  
 I tell her How I love ! The Fair believes :  
 I tell her I adore---This too she knows ;  
 Yet as unknown with ravishment receives !  
 When I declare that ev'ry Joy she forms,  
 And makes my Happiness of life compleat ;  
 I constitute alone, she says, her Bliss !  
 In short, so much she loves me, that the Nymph  
 Will almost make her happy Swain believe  
 He's not unworthy of Camilla's Love !

Once had the Moon restor'd her fading light,  
 E'er yet I dar'd to tell her that I lov'd ;  
 Or dar'd my passion to myself disclose !  
 The lovelier she seem'd, the less I hop'd  
 To touch her heart with sentiments of love,  
 And plead my passion as the happy swain !  
 Thy charms, Camilla, captivate my Soul,  
 But tell me still I merit not those Charms !

All arts I try'd Camilla to forget,  
 And deep-ingraven from my Breast to tear  
 Her lovely Image, and her Form ador'd !

I strove !---How happy that I strove in vain !  
 There lives the Image, and the lovely Maid  
 Deep in my Heart will ever live impress !

I told Camilla how I once admir'd  
 The active Scenes of Life, the bustling noise,  
 And joys tumultuous in the busy World ;  
 But now sought solitude, and sweet recess !---  
 That once ambition did my soul inspire---  
 Now my ambition was her Grace alone !  
 That oft in foreign Climes I wish'd to rove---  
 But now with Her, my ever dear Delight,  
 And Pleasure new, where'er she breaths, my Heart  
 Blest with her Presence, on the self-same Spot  
 As a fixt Citizen wou'd ever dwell !  
 All the gay Phantoms from my Eyes are fled---  
 All but Camilla, and Camilla's Love!

When of our Passion fair Camilla talks,  
 She still has something, yet unsaid, to add,  
 Some dear discourse of Tendernefs, and Love !  
 Forgot she fancies---what before the Nymph  
 Has oft protested with a thousand Vows !

So charm'd am I, that sometimes I pretend  
Not to believe, or hear th' enchanting Sounds,  
That she may flatter still, and sooth my Heart !  
Sometimes soft Silence in a moment reigns,  
That tend'rest Language of a Lover's Soul !

When I've been absent from the charming Maid,  
I would, as pleasing to the fair, relate  
Th' amusing Things, or the diverting Scenes,  
Which in the passing Day I heard, or saw.  
What says my Swain, the dear Camilla cries,  
Think you with this my thoughts to entertain?  
Talk of our Loves !---Or if you've nought to say,  
Nor thought this day upon our happy Cares,  
O cruel Aristeus, hear me speak !

Sometimes she tells me with a sweet Embrace,  
My Dear, you're melancholy---True, I say ;  
But there's Delight in melancholy Love !---  
I know not why I weep, or seem distress'd,  
Yet feel my Tears with Inclination flow !  
Let me indulge them !---I have no Complaint,  
Nor have I Cause, for my Camilla loves !  
My Soul, Ah ! draw not from this languor sweet,



But let me sigh my Pleasures, and my Pains !  
 In the fierce transports of my Love my Soul  
 Is strongly rapt, and to its Object prest,  
 Prest to its happiness without the bliss !  
 But now I relish melancholy Love,  
 And tears, when happy, are but tears of Joy !

Sometimes Camilla in a rapture cries,  
 My Dear, d'ye love me ?---Yes, my Fair, I love !  
 But how d'ye love me ?---As I ever lov'd !---  
 The Love I feel can only be compar'd  
 To that for Thee, my Charmer, I have felt !

By all who know her when I hear her prais'd---  
 Those Praises flatter me, as if my own !  
 I'm more delighted than the lovely Maid,  
 And feel Self-love then strongest in my breast !

With an Acquaintance, Visitant, or Friend,  
 With so much spirit, and such ease she talks,  
 That her least Words my ravish'd Soul inchant !  
 Yet though each accent, each Expression charms,  
 I'm more delighted when she nothing says !

When she contracts a Friendship, then I wish  
To be the Person, and the Friend belov'd !  
But this Reflection in a moment make---  
Were I that Friend, I should not be her Swain !

Take care, Camilla, of the Lovers Wiles !  
They'll tell Thee that they love---And truly tell !  
They'll vow their Ardours equal to my Flames !  
But, Ah ! by Heav'n, and all the Gods I swear,  
Still stronger Raptures in my Bosom reign !

When at a distance I Camilla see---  
My Spirit flutters !---As the Fair draws near---  
My Heart with transport beats !---With joy I fly,  
And my rapt Soul this very frame would quit,  
To join the lov'd Camilla's dearer Part !  
At once it seems in fair Camilla's breast,  
As she to animate her Shepherd's Soul !

Oft from the Fair some Favour I would steal,  
With look forbidding which the Nymph denies,  
Yet instantly the Fair another grants.  
This is not Artifice, ye Swains !---but Love !  
Sway'd by her Love and Modesty at once

In conflict met, the lovely Maid would fain  
 Refuse me ev'ry thing !---Yet grant me All !

Ah ! Does not your Camilla's Love suffice ?---  
 What would you more, says she, than have my Heart !---  
 One Fault, Dear Nymph !---one Favour I request---  
 Which the strong pow'r of Love can only grant ;  
 Yet what the greatness of our Love will vouch !  
 My dear Camilla ! My enchanting Fair !  
 The Day I cease to love Thee---may the Fates  
 Then be deceiv'd---and take it for my Last !  
 May they cut off my blooming Years of Youth ;  
 A Life deplorable without thy Charms !  
 When I with baneful Memory should trace,  
 In loving Thee, the Pleasures, and the Joys !

Fond Aristeus sigh'd---and silent stood---  
 And well I saw he only ceas'd to speak  
 Of sweet Camilla---that with raptur'd Thought  
 He might contemplate on her Charms, and Love !



## A R G U M E N T.

***A**RISTEUS and the Poet wander into the Cave of Jealousy. A Description of Jealousy. She delivers them over to a worse Fury, Rage. They grow furious against their absent Mistresses, Themira, and Camilla. The Poet is terrified in his sleep at the Infidelity of Themira. Is seized with a Fit of Madness. He sees a Temple at a Distance, and imagines it to be Cupid's which the Lovers are for destroying, but find it to be the Temple of Bacchus. They are relieved from their Rage, and sacrifice to Bacchus. A Description of the Bacchanals. The Loves of Bacchus and Ariadne. The Lovers join in the Bacchanalian Dances. They find their Anger only suspended, and fall into Melancholy, and Suspicion. Their Conversation in this State of Mind. They leave the Temple of Bacchus, and return to that of Gnidus. The Poet loses Aristeus, who had already found his Camilla, while he is still in search of Themira. At Sight of her he finds his Jealousy redoubled, and is relapsing into his former Madness; She looks at him, and he is calmed. Themira complains of his Absence. He excuses himself, and tells her of his Jealousy, and acknowledges his crime in thinking her Unfaithful. They retire into the Myrtle Grove. They are seen by a Satyr, who envies their Happiness. They are envied by a Nymph, unfortunate in Love. They find Apollo, and are entertained with Music, but regard it not. The Poet finds Cupid lurking about the personal Charms of Themira; he searches after the fugitive. Themira weeps, and is angry. He still complains, and she is more severe. He grows rash, and she more angry. She is sorry, and he sheds Tears. The Conclusion.*



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T H E  
T E M P L E  
O F  
G N I D U S.  
C A N T O IV.

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**T**HUS of our Happy Loves while We convers'd,  
And all our Thoughts were rapt with Beauty's Charms—  
Loft in the Mazes of the winding Glades  
We wander'd long bewilder'd, and perplex'd.  
At length a wide-extended Mead we saw,  
And pierc'd the woodlands—when a flow'ry Path  
Our Steps conducted to a frightful Rock!  
Beneath the Rock was form'd a Cavern dark—  
Here straight we enter'd—for we deem'd the Place  
Was some unhappy Mortals dire abode!  
Who could have thought, Oh! Heav'ns! a Scene so dread!

Scarce had we enter'd—when at once our Hair  
 Erect with Horrour stood, and wild Dismay,  
 And a strange Trembling seiz'd our nerveless Frames!  
 Into the fatal Cave a secret Pow'r  
 Drew on our Steps; my Heart, my Body quak'd,  
 And shook with Agitations still increas'd!  
 My Friend! I cry'd—Proceed!—For can we feel  
 Still greater Terrours, or still greater Pains!  
 I then advanc'd—where never the Sun's beam  
 Had pierc'd th' Obscure---and never Winds had breath'd!  
 Curst Jealousy I saw!—That Fiend!---Her Look,  
 More gloomy seem'd than terrible—around  
 In still attendance on her dreadful Throne,  
 Wan Paleness, Melancholy, Silence sat,  
 While round her flew Disquietude, and Care!  
 She breath'd upon us—on our Hearts her Hand  
 She struck—and fearful smote us on the Brain!  
 Soon we beheld strange Images arise,  
 Confounded, and amaz'd—and fancy form'd  
 Fell Monsters only, and Chimeras dire!



Advance! she cry'd, Unhappy Mortals! Here  
 A Goddess find, of still more pow'ful charms!  
 Straight we obey'd—and by the lambent flames



Of Serpents fiery Tongues, which, nimbly mov'd  
 With quick vibrations, hiss'd around her Head,  
 A frightful Goddess saw—whose Name was Rage!  
 One of her Vipers from her Hair she caught,  
 And twisting threw it, quick I would have seiz'd  
 Th' invenom'd monster, but unfelt, it slid  
 With swift insinuation to my Heart!  
 Stupid I stood—and for a moment lost—  
 But when the Poison thro' my Veins it spread,  
 I seem'd as plung'd amidst the guilty Shades!  
 My Heart was all in flames by Frenzy struck—  
 Nor could itself contain—with fierceness shook,  
 And with convulsive Agitations writh'd,  
 I groan'd as tortur'd by the Furies Lash!  
 Then to mad transport all my Soul I gave—  
 The Den together We a thousand times  
 Encompass'd round—From Jealousy to Rage,  
 From Rage to Jealousy, distracted turn'd!  
 Camilla!—Themira!—We cry'd—we rav'd—  
 But had the Fair been near—we should have seiz'd  
 With our own Hands, and into atoms torn  
 Their tender frames, and all their Charms divine!

At length the Light celestial we regain'd !  
 But Light offensive glar'd—and with regret  
 We now repented that we left the Cave,  
 The Cave of Terror, and of dread Dismay !  
 With lassitude we sunk—and ev'n repose  
 Seem'd insupportable—our Eyes refus'd  
 The melting Tear with soft relenting shed,  
 Nor could our Hearts expanding form a sigh !

A Moment I was calm—for languid Sleep  
 Shed her soft Poppies o'er my weary'd Head ;  
 And in a tranquil, senseless ease, I lay !—  
 But, ah ! that Slumber still more cruel prov'd !  
 Forms I beheld ! and monsters of affright  
 More terrible arise, than all the Shades,  
 And Shapes infernal that before appear'd !  
 I wak'd in Agonies each Instant struck  
 With the false Themira's unfaithful Love !  
 I saw—ah ! no !—I dare not yet accuse—  
 Yet what before but fancy'd I believ'd,  
 I found now real in this frightful Sleep !

Must I then, Themira ! as I rose, I cry'd,  
 Abhor alike the Darknefs, and the Light !

The cruel Themira, like the Furies fell,  
 Haunts, and torments, my agonizing Soul !  
 What Mortal could believe my Bliss must rise  
 From blank Oblivion of her dearest Charms !

Seiz'd with mad Fury---Rise, my Friend,---I cry'd ;  
 These Flocks destroy which in the Meadow feed,  
 And happy mock our Tortures ! Let us haste,  
 Pursue the Shepherds with a fearful Rout,  
 Who thus in Peace enjoy their easy Loves !  
 Ah ! no---my Friend!---a Temple I behold  
 At distance rising o'er yon Mountain's brow !  
 Perhaps 'tis Cupid's---Let us fly, destroy,  
 And break the Statue of that baneful God,  
 That cruel Deity ! ah ! glorious Rage !  
 This will be noble Spoil, and great Revenge !  
 Frantic we ran---fresh strength our Transports gave---  
 While ev'n the Crime against the God inspir'd !  
 O'er Lawns, o'er Meadows, and o'er Steeps we flew,  
 Nor stopt a moment ; Hills in vain arose,  
 Hills we ascended, and the Temple gain'd---  
 And sacred found it to the God of Wine !  
 Oh ! strange Effect ! and marvellous!---How great



Th' Immortal Pow'rs---at once our Rage was calm'd---  
 And all th' Emotions of our Frenzy ceas'd !  
 At each the other look'd---and with Surprise  
 Saw the wild Madness which had fir'd our Souls !

“ Great Deity !---I cry'd---thy Pow'r divine  
 “ Less thankful I adore, that Thou from Rage  
 “ And frantic Fury hast appeas'd my Soul,  
 “ As that you sav'd me from a dreadful Crime !  
 “ For this, Oh ! Bacchus, now accept my Praise !”  
 Then to the Priestess turning---“ By the God,  
 “ (Whose sacred Rites, whose Altars you attend)  
 “ We are lov'd ! I said : Who thus has still'd  
 “ The furious Transports of our raging Souls !  
 “ Scarce did we enter this all-pow'rful Shrine,  
 “ When we perceiv'd the Presence of the God,  
 “ The God propitious, who our Madness quell'd,  
 “ And all our thoughts tumultuous hush'd in peace !  
 “ To Bacchus then the Sacrifice prepare !  
 “ And deign, Oh Priestess, with devotion due  
 “ To offer to the God our grateful Vows !  
 “ To lead the destin'd Victim I depart,  
 “ And crown'd with Garlands at his altars lay !

I went---return'd---and while the mortal Blow  
The Priests gave---Thus Aristeus spoke.

“ Oh ! Bacchus !---Pow'r Divine ! who with thy Gifts  
“ Mak'st glad the Heart ! delighted to behold  
“ Joy o'er the Countenance of Man diffus'd,  
“ And all thy chearful Light serenely spread,  
“ Our Pleasure is a Worship paid to Thee !  
“ Oh ! God of Mirth, and ever gay Delight,  
“ It is thy fixt decree, thy Will, that none  
“ But the most Happy shall thy Name adore !

“ Sometimes you bid our Reason gently stray  
“ In sweet disorder---but when odious Pow'rs  
“ Have once bereav'd us of our Reason's light,  
“ 'Tis you alone fair Wisdom can restore !  
“ Fierce Jealousy held Love in cruel Chains,  
“ But o'er the Heart that Empire you assert  
“ The dreadful Fiend assum'd, with Pleasure reign,  
“ And drive the Monster to her black Abode !”

Soon as the Priests had the Rites perform'd,  
The thronging Festive Train assembled round !  
To Her the Tortures We endur'd I told,  
And all the Horrors of the dismal Cave,

Dread Jealousy's Abode!—At once were heard  
 Loud Instruments, and Voices, medley noise  
 Of Sounds confus'd—straight we beheld a Troup  
 Of Bacchanals arrive in mirthful Mood,  
 Who with their Ivy Thyrses smote the Ground,  
 While shouts of Evæ! Evæ! rend the Skies!

Here old Silenus, on his Afs bestrode,  
 Follow'd the Rout, and as he mov'd, his Head  
 With slumber heavy, and with Wine oppress'd,  
 In this side nodding, and on that, oft seem'd  
 To seek the ground, and as it were to drop!  
 When his Attendants careless left his side,  
 With poize uneven as his body swung,  
 Himself he balanc'd in unequal time!

Smear'd were the Faces of the jolly Troup  
 With purple berries, and the Lees of Wine!  
 After the Train Pan follow'd with his Pipe,  
 While the brisk Satyrs danc'd around their King,  
 In frolick Mood!—Joy in disorder reign'd!  
 A pleasing Folly in their Dances mix'd,  
 Their Ralleries, and Songs—Wine led to Mirth,  
 And gayety of Heart recall'd to Wine!



At length came Bacchus on his lofty Carr,  
 Drawn by fierce Tygers ; such as Ganges saw,  
 When to the world's Extreme o'er India's Plains  
 The God bore Victory, and Joy around !

There by his side in ever-blooming Youth  
 Sat Ariadne ! whom the God address'd !  
 " Yet still you griev'd, sweet Princess, still you wept  
 " For cruel Theseus, though a God receiv'd  
 " From your fair drooping Head your falling Crown,  
 " And radiant plac'd it in the Northern Skies !  
 " He stopt your flowing grief, and dry'd your Tears !  
 " Had you not dry'd your Tears, and ceas'd to mourn,  
 " A God you would have made, my charming queen,  
 " More wretched than Yourself in Mortal State !  
 " Love me, he cry'd, fair Princess—wipe those Tears—  
 " Theseus is fled—forget his perjur'd Love—  
 " Nor with a Thought his Perfidy recall—  
 " In heav'nly Joys Immortal shalt thou reign,  
 " That Thee, sweet Goddess, I may Ever love !"

Bacchus I saw descend, and from his Carr  
 His lovely Princess to the Temple lead !  
 Soon as she enter'd, " Pleasing God, she cry'd

“ Here in this clime of everlasting Joy,  
 “ In this soft clime for Ever let us dwell,  
 “ And sigh our growing Pleasures, and our Loves !  
 “ For near this charming Place the Gnidian Queen  
 “ Has fix’d her Empire, and the God of Joy  
 “ Reigns with her ! — Here the favour’d People feel,  
 “ Already happy, in their Loves so blest,  
 “ Their Pleasures still, and Happiness increase !

“ I feel, Great God, I own my Passion rais’d,  
 “ My Fires for Thee increas’d—And Time may cause  
 “ Bacchus may seem more lovely in my Eyes,  
 “ And Ariadne charm with stronger Flames !  
 “ None but th’ Immortals to Excess can love  
 “ With yet still growing flames—the Gods alone  
 “ More than they hope for blissful can obtain—  
 “ Still more confin’d, and bounded in Desire,  
 “ Than when in Raptures they enjoy their Loves !

“ Here we will live in everlasting Joys,  
 “ And Loves eternal !—For in Heav’n the Gods  
 “ Are with their Glory fill’d—On Earth alone,  
 “ In such recesses, and sweet rural Scenes,  
 “ They know to love and to their Transports yield !

" Then while this Troup, extravagant, and loud,  
 " Their Souls abandon in their Follies wild  
 " To senseless Joy---My Joy, Great God, my Sighs,  
 " And even Tears my ravishment shall speak,  
 " And all my Loves incessantly repeat ! "

Bacchus with Love on Ariadne smil'd,  
 Pleas'd with her Words and Charms, and gently led  
 His graceful Princess to the hallow'd Shrine---  
 A sudden joy at once our Hearts possess'd  
 Seiz'd with Divine Emotion !---Straight we took  
 An Ivy Thyrsis, and we beat the Ground  
 With transport rapt, struck with th' extravagance  
 Of quaint Silenus, and the festive Sports  
 Of the gay Bacchanals in pleasant Mood,  
 And join'd their Dances, and their mirthful Songs !

Delighted with the Sports, and Pastimes wild,  
 We left the sacred Bounds---but soon perceiv'd  
 All our Misfortunes, and the Ills we felt  
 Only suspended in our troubled Souls !  
 The Rage indeed, the Frenzy that possess'd,  
 And shook our Senies, ceas'd---But gloomy Care



Had seiz'd our Souls, and with Inquietude,  
And dark Suspicions all our thoughts were rackt !  
It seem'd the cruel Goddeffes had torn  
Our tortur'd minds, to make us know the Ills,  
And distant miseries to our Lot decreed !

Oft we repented that we left the Shrine  
Of pleasing Bacchus---yet as oft were drawn  
To the fair Temple of the Queen of Love---  
Oft we requir'd with ardour to behold  
The lovely Themira, and Camilla sweet,  
Those pow'rful Objects of our jealous Love !  
Yet of that Sweetness, and those soft Delights,  
The rapt'rous Thoughts the happy Lover feels,  
Returning to the Fair---the Nymph ador'd !  
No Sense had We---No Ravishment of Soul  
That grasps in Fancy all the promis'd Blifs !

“ Perhaps, said Aristeus, with a Sigh---  
“ With fair Camilla I shall Lycas find !  
“ Ye Gods !—How know I but the happy Swain  
“ With Her converses, and this Instant speaks !  
“ Oh, Heav'ns ! Camilla—Can I bear the Thought?—  
“ False, false Camilla hears him with Delight !”

'Twas said of late that Thyrsis, I rejoin'd,  
 Thyrsis who Themira so much ador'd—  
 Was to arrive at Gnidus!—Once he lov'd—  
 And doubtless loves Her with as strong a Flame!  
 But I with Thyrsis must dispute the Heart,  
 The Heart of Themira---once thought my own!

“ The Shepherd Lycas, I remember well,  
 “ One Day the Praises of Camilla sung.  
 “ Fool that I was! and senseless!--to be charm'd  
 “ With hearing Lycas praise th' enchanting Maid!”

' I too remember well this Thyrsis once  
 ' Brought to my Themira some fresh-blown Flow'rs!  
 ' Unhappy that I am!--She took the Flow'rs,  
 ' And sweetly placing on her Breast she said—  
 “ This lovely Gift from Thyrsis I receiv'd!”  
 ' Ah! those fair Flow'rs I should have seiz'd, have torn,  
 ' And stamp'd their odours underneath my Feet!

“ Lately I went by fair Camilla led,  
 “ To pay my Vows, two Turtles, to the shrine

" Of lovely Venus!—But the Doves escap'd—

" And swift ascended in an airy Flight!"

‘ My Name with Themira’s on the Trees I grav’d—

‘ The story of our Loves—I read them o’er—

‘ And still I read them—but one Morning came—

‘ And found our Names—and all our Loves---effac’d!

" Drive not the Heart, Camilla, to Despair

" Of the fond wretched Swain who dearly loves!

" For love provok’d, grown desperate, inrag’d,

" May have th’ Effects of Hatred, and Disdain!"

‘ The Swain, who first shall on my Themira look,

‘ I’ll follow even to the holy Shrine!—

‘ The Wretch I’ll punish, and his Soul destroy,

‘ Should he at Venus’ feet a Suppliant lie!

Thus in alternate Complaints the Grott we reach’d,

The sacred Grott, where heav’nly Venus gives

Her Oracles rever’d—On all sides round

Mov’d were the People as the ruffled Sea,

When by the winds disturb’d the billows roll!



Part came to hear the Oracles disclos'd,  
And Part their Answers to their Vows receive !

The Throng we join'd, and in the Croud confus'd  
The happy Aristeus soon I lost !  
Already had he found his charming Fair,  
And clasp'd Camilla with a dear Embrace,  
While lovely Themira I fought in vain !

At length I saw her—and I felt at once  
All the mad transports of my Frenzy rise,  
And Jealousy return with doubled Rage !—  
But on my Love she cast her kind Regards,  
And with Tranquillity my Soul was fill'd !—  
Thus when the Furies 'scape the Bounds of Hell,  
Th' Immortals drive them to their dread Abodes !

“ Ye Gods ! She cry'd, what Tears have You not cost ?—  
“ Thrice has the Sun roll'd round his long Career,—  
“ I fear'd Thee lost—and lost for Ever fear'd !”  
I started at the Word !—and trembling spoke !—  
“ I went, My Fair, sweet Venus to consult—  
“ I ask'd not if you lov'd—but wish'd to know—  
“ If Themira still breath'd the vital Air !—

" Venus has answer'd what I now repeat,  
 " That Themira loves—and will for Ever love !  
 " A Man Unhappy—Oh ! my Fair excuse—  
 " Who hating would have curst thy dearest Charms,  
 " Had he those Charms been able to blaspheme !  
 " The Gods of Reason may deprive my Soul,  
 " But from this Breast can never tear my Love !

" Black, raging Jealousy my Soul has tost  
 " With Passions wild, and all the Pains, and Pangs,  
 " Which tortur'd Criminals endure in Hell,  
 " By Furies harass'd has your Swain endur'd !  
 " This have I gain'd !—That now with sweeter Sense,  
 " After the Dread of losing all thy Charms,  
 " I feel the Happiness, and Joy extreme,  
 " That I am lov'd by Thee, My charming Fair !

Retire then, Themira ! My Soul !—retire  
 Deep in this silent--solitary Grove !  
 By sweet emotions I'm constrain'd to love,  
 " And now must expiate my dreadful Crime !  
 " Heav'ns ! What a Crime ! Oh ! Themira, to think,  
 " To think Thee faithless, and thy Love untrue !

“ Th’ Elysian Bowers which the Gods design’d  
 “ For the delightful state of happy Souls—  
 “ Dodona’s Forest—Where the vocal Oaks  
 “ Speak the decrees of Fate by Jove inspir’d,  
 “ And in Prophetic Intercourse with Man,  
 “ His future Lot, and distant Joys reveal—  
 “ Th’ Hesperian Gardens—where the loaded Trees  
 “ Bend with the burden of their golden Fruits—  
 “ Were ne’er so lovely—as these silent Scenes,  
 “ Enchanted by the Smiles of Themira’s Love !”

A nimble Satyr, as he trac’d a Nymph  
 Dissolv’d in Tears, who fled his quick Pursuit,  
 Saw Us, and stopping cry’d—“ O happy Pair !  
 “ Well can your Eyes your mutual Passion speak,  
 “ And all the Language of your Souls explain !  
 “ While answ’ring Sighs your answ’ring Sighs repay !  
 “ But I Unhappy !—waste my weary Days  
 “ In following a Nymph, severe, as fair ;  
 “ A Nymph untractable to Love’s Behests !  
 “ Unhappy when I follow !—When o’ertake  
 “ The Nymph unsocial—More Unhappy still !”



Then a young Nymph, who solitary rov'd,  
 Perceiv'd us in the Glade—and sighing cry'd—  
 “ 'Tis but to bring my Torments to my Eyes,  
 “ O cruel Cupid!—To increase my Pains!  
 “ I see before Me such a tender Swain!”

We found Apollo by a Fountain's side—  
 The God had follow'd, thro' these Sylvan Glades,  
 The bounding Roe, by swift Diana chas'd!  
 By the fair tresses of his golden Hair  
 The tuneful God I knew, and by the Choir,  
 The Choir-Immortal, which around him sung!—  
 His Lyre he struck, that drew the Hills, and Rocks—  
 The Woods were mov'd—and list'ning Tigers fix'd!  
 Yet We still deeper in the Grove retir'd,  
 In vain recall'd by Music's pow'rful Sounds,  
 And sweetest Airs of Harmony divine!

Think were I found the Little God of Love?  
 On Themira's Lips—Ye Swains—on Themira's Breast—  
 Quick at her Feet the roving God escap'd!  
 I still the Fugitive pursuing found!  
 Under her Knees then hid the lurking God—  
 His flight I follow'd, and had follow'd still—

But weeping Themira, all bath'd in Tears  
 With anger stopp'd me in the dear Pursuit—  
 The flying God was at his last Retreat,  
 But could not quit her---with such lovely Charms,  
 And such bewitching Grace sweet Themira look'd!

Thus the sweet Linnet, o'er her tender Young  
 Whom Fear, and Love detains, with cov'ring Wing,  
 While the rude-grasping hand comes near to seize,  
 Sits without Motion, nor consents to fly,  
 Or at the last to quit her darling Nest!

How hard my Fortune!--Themira heard my Complaints--  
 Nor would to Pity, or to Love incline!  
 She still attended to my Vows, and Pray'rs,  
 Yet was she still more cruel, and severe!--  
 Then I grew rash---and Themira displeas'd  
 With Anger redden'd!--I disorder'd stood---  
 And in confusion trembled at her Looks!  
 Fretted, and vex'd, Yet sorry she appear'd---  
 Soft tears I shed of passion, and of Love---  
 Still she repuls'd me---and I fell---and sigh'd---  
 And thought each deep-fetch'd sigh would be my last!

But gentle Themira with compassion mov'd  
Laid her soft Hand upon my lifeless Heart,  
And with these Words my fleeting Soul recall'd!

“ No! No!---she cry'd---I am not so unkind,  
“ Nor cruel as my Swain!---I never wish'd,  
“ Though He would draw me to the silent Grave,  
“ With barb'rous Thought to see my Lover die!  
“ Open those languid Eyes, unless you'd see  
“ Mine clos'd for Ever in the Shades of Death!”

Then with a sweet Embrace, and tender Tear,  
Lovely she smil'd--My Pardon I receiv'd,  
Ah! giv'n, alas! without a glimm'ring Hope  
Of daring to incur a second Fault!

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

**A**DVERT. P. 8. L. 20. *This Poem*—r. *Temple of Gnidus*. Cant. 2. P.  
24. L. 18. *th'*—r. *the*. P. 33. L. 10. *charms*—r. *charm*. P. 37.  
L. 18, 19. Stop these two Lines right, or rather, read L. 19 before L. 18.  
P. 44. *Buſneſs*—r. *Buiſneſs*.





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